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THE
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ROGERS'
PLEASURES
OF
MEMORY

WHAT FOND ILLUSIONS SWARM IN EVERY GROVE!

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THE
PLEASURES OF MEMORY

BY
SAMUEL ROGERS



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The drawing is made with an etching-needle or any suitable point, upon a glass plate spread with collodion. It is then photographed upon a prepared surface of wax, and from this surface an electrotpe is formed in relief, which is printed with the type. By these means the Artists' own work is preserved; and though it may be impossible for this process to rival the delicacy of a good engraving upon wood, yet it can lay claim to an accurate fidelity which can only be equalled by etchings upon copper.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	ARTIST	PAGE
<i>Mark yon old Mansion, frowning thro' the trees</i>	SAMUEL PALMER	10
<i>And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear .</i>	J. D. WATSON	11
<i>The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green .</i>	W. S. COLEMAN	13
<i>The Gipsy's faggot, there we stood and gaz'd .</i>	ALFRED COOPER	15
<i>But hark ! thro' those old firs, with sullen swell</i>	E. M. WIMPERIS	17
<i>The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze</i>	W. S. COLEMAN	19
<i>The hoary grandsire smiles the hours away .</i>	CHARLES GREEN	21
<i>Then did his horse the homeward track descry.</i>	ALFRED COOPER	23
<i>When o'er the blasted heath the day declin'd .</i>	E. M. WIMPERIS	25
<i>Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of Night</i>	E. M. WIMPERIS	30
<i>And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire .</i>	J. D. WATSON	35
<i>As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower . .</i>	E. M. WIMPERIS	37
<i>High on exulting wings the heath-cock rose . .</i>	J. W. KEYL	39
<i>And on the moor the shepherd penn'd his fold .</i>	E. M. WIMPERIS	47
<i>The wild deer, starting thro' the silent glade .</i>	J. W. KEYL	48

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

ANALYSIS OF THE FIRST PART.

THE Poem begins with the description of an obscure village, and of the pleasing melancholy which it excites on being revisited after a long absence. This mixed sensation is an effect of the Memory. From an effect we naturally ascend to the cause ; and the subject proposed is then unfolded with an investigation of the nature and leading principles of this faculty.

It is evident that our ideas flow in continual succession, and introduce each other with a certain degree of regularity.

They are sometimes excited by sensible objects, and sometimes by an internal operation of the mind. Of the former species is most probably the memory of brutes ; and its many sources of pleasure to them, as well as to us, are considered in the first part. The latter is the most perfect degree of memory, and forms the subject of the second.

When ideas have any relation whatever, they are attractive of each other in the mind ; and the perception of any object naturally leads to the idea of another, which was connected with it either in time or place, or which can be compared or contrasted with it. Hence arises our attachment to inanimate objects ; hence also, in some degree, the love of our country, and the emotion with which we contemplate the

celebrated scenes of antiquity. Hence a picture directs our thoughts to the original ; and, as cold and darkness suggest forcibly the ideas of heat and light, he who feels the infirmities of age, dwells most on whatever reminds him of the vigour and vivacity of his youth.

The associating principle, as here employed, is no less conducive to virtue than to happiness ; and as such it frequently discovers itself in the most tumultuous scenes of life. It addresses our finer feelings, and gives exercise to every mild and generous propensity.

Not confined to man, it extends through all animated nature ; and its effects are peculiarly striking in the domestic tribes.

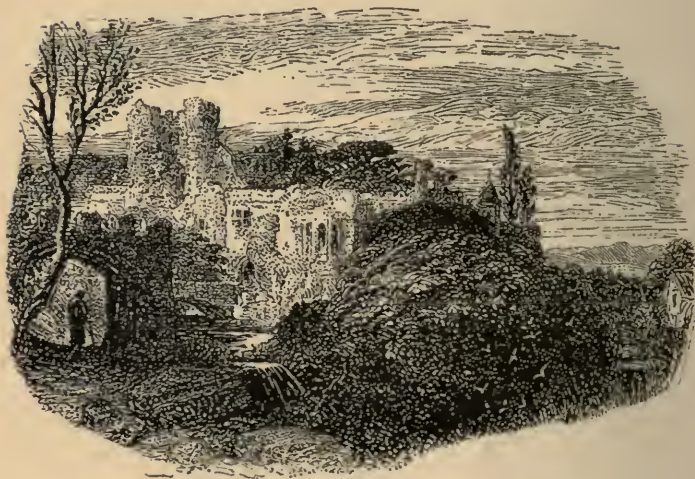


TWILIGHT'S soft dews steal o'er the village-green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
Still'd is the hum that thro' the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flock'd to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols clos'd the busy day.
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
With treasur'd tales and legendary lore.
All, all are fled ; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
All, all are fled ; yet still I linger here !
What secret charms this silent spot endear ?

Mark yon old Mansion, frowning thro' the trees,
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heav'n convey'd.

The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport ;
When nature pleas'd, for life itself was new,
And the heart promis'd what the fancy drew.

See thro' the fractur'd pediment reveal'd,
Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptur'd shield,
The martin's old, hereditary nest.
Long may the ruin spare its hallow'd guest !



As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call !
Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall !
That hall, where once, in antiquated state,
The chair of justice held the grave debate.

Now stain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung ;
When round yon ample board, in due degree,
We sweeten'd every meal with social glee.

The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest ;
And all was sunshine in each little breast.
'Twas here we chas'd the slipper by the sound ;
And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.
'Twas here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring ;
And Fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing.



Giants and genii chain'd each wondering ear ;
And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.
Oft with the babes we wander'd in the wood,
Or view'd the forest-feats of Robin Hood :

Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
With startling step we scal'd the lonely tower ;
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
Murder'd by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.

Ye Household Deities ! whose guardian eye
Mark'd each pure thought, ere register'd on high ;
Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,
And breathe the soul of Inspiration round.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievement charms the wilder'd sight ;
And still, with Heraldry's rich hues imprest,
On the dim window glows the pictur'd crest.
The screen unfolds its many-colour'd chart.
The clock still points its moral to the heart.
That faithful monitor 'twas heav'n to hear !
When soft it spoke a promis'd pleasure near :
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of Time ?
That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
Whence the caged linnet sooth'd my pensive thought ;
Those muskets, cas'd with venerable rust ;
Those once-lov'd forms, still breathing thro' their dust,
Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the past !

As thro' the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every grove !
How oft, when purple evening ting'd the west,
We watch'd the emmet to her grainy nest ;
Welcom'd the wild-bee home on weary wing,
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring !
How oft inscrib'd, with Friendship's votive rhyme,
The bark now silver'd by the touch of Time ;
Soar'd in the swing, half pleas'd and half afraid,
Thro' sister elms that wav'd their summer shade ;

Or strew'd with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat!



Childhood's lov'd group revisits every scene;
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green!

Indulgent MEMORY wakes, and lo, they live ;
Cloth'd with far softer hues than Light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heav'n assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know ;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm ;
Thce would the Muse invoke !—to thee belong
The sage's precept and the poet's song.
What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals !
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play ;
Thy temper'd gleams of happiness resign'd
Glance on the darken'd mirror of the mind.

The School's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn :
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,^a
Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here !
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions, and romantic dreams !

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blaz'd
The Gipsy's faggot—there we stood and gaz'd ;
Gaz'd on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw ;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er ;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed ;
Whose dark eyes flash'd thro' locks of blackest shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd :—
And heroes fled the Sibyl's mutter'd call,
Whose elfin prowess scal'd the orchard-wall.

As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And trac'd the line of life with searching view,



How throb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the colour of my future years !

Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast!
 This truth once known—To bless is to be blest!
 We led the bending beggar on his way,
 (Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray)
 Sooth'd the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
 And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
 As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
 And wept to think that little was no more,
 He breath'd his prayer, "Long may such goodness live!"
 'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.
 Angels, when Mercy's mandate wing'd their flight,
 Had stopt to catch new rapture from the sight.

But hark! thro' those old firs, with sullen swell,
 The church-clock strikes! ye tender scenes, farewell!
 It calls me hence, beneath their shade, to trace
 The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.

On yon gray stone, that fronts the chancel-door,
 Worn smooth by busy feet now scen no more,
 Each eve we shot the marble thro' the ring,
 When the heart danc'd, and life was in its spring;
 Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,
 That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

The glow-worm loves her emerald light to shed,
 Where now the sexton rests his hoary head.
 Oft, as he turn'd the greensward with his spade,
 He lectur'd every youth that round him play'd;
 And, calmly pointing where his fathers lay,
 Rous'd him to rival each, the hero of his day.

Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush! while here alone
 I search the records of each mouldering stone.
 Guides of my life! Instructors of my youth!
 Who first unveiled the hallow'd form of Truth;
 Whose every word enlighten'd and endear'd;
 In age belov'd, in poverty rever'd;
 In Friendship's silent register ye live,
 Nor ask the vain memorial Art can give.

—But when the sons of peace and pleasure sleep,
When only Sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep,
What spells entrance my visionary mind,
With sighs so sweet, with transports so refin'd?
Ethereal Power! whose smile, at noon of night,



Recalls the far-fled spirit of delight;
Instils that musing, melancholy mood,
Which charms the wise, and elevates the good;
Blest MEMORY, hail! Oh grant the grateful Muse,
Her pencil dipt in Nature's living hues,

To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll,
And trace its airy precincts in the soul.

Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!^b
Each stamps its image as the other flies!
Each, as the various avenues of sense
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,
Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
Control the latent fibres of the heart.
As studious PROSPERO'S mysterious spell
Conven'd the subject-spirits to his cell;
Each, at thy call, advances or retires,
As judgment dictates, or the scene inspires.
Each thrills the seat of sense, that sacred source,
Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course,
And thro' the frame invisibly convey
The subtle quick vibrations as they play.

Survey the globe, each ruder realm explore;
From Reason's faintest ray to NEWTON soar.
What different spheres to human bliss assign'd!
What slow gradations in the scale of mind!
Yet mark in each these mystic wonders wrought;
Oh mark the sleepless energies of thought!

The adventurous boy, that asks his little share,
And hies from home, with many a gossip's prayer,
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,
The village-common spotted white with sheep,
The church-yard yews round which his fathers sleep;^c
All rouse Reflection's sadly pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.

So, when the mild TUPIA dar'd explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,



And, with the sons of Science, woo'd the gale,
That, rising, swell'd their strange expanse of sail ;
So, when he breath'd his firm yet fond adieu,^d
Borne from his leafy hut, his carv'd canoe,

And all his soul best lov'd—such tears he shed,
While each soft scene of summer beauty fled :
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
Long watch'd the streaming signal from the mast ;
Till twilight's dewy tints deceiv'd his eye,
And fairy forests fring'd the evening sky.

So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawned the day,^c
Rose on her couch, and gaz'd her soul away.
Her eyes had bless'd the beacon's glimmering height,
That faintly tipt the feathery surge with light ;
But now the morn with orient hues portray'd
Each castled cliff and brown monastic shade ;
All touch'd the talisman's resistless spring,
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing !

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,^d
As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire.
And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the Patriot's sigh ;^e
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.
For this young FOSCARI, whose hapless fate^h
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,
While exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,
When reason, justice, vainly urg'd his cause,
For this he rous'd her sanguinary laws ;
Glad to return, tho' hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hail'd him to the shore.

And hence the charm historic scenes impart :
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
Aërial forms in Tempe's classic vale,
Glance thro' the gloom, and whisper in the gale ;
In wild Vaucluse with love and LAURA dwell,
And watch and weep in ELOISA's cell.ⁱ

'Twas ever thus. As now at VIRGIL's tomb,^k
We bless the shade, and bid the verdure bloom :



So TULLY paus'd, amid the wrecks of Time,¹
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime;
When at his feet, in honour'd dust disclos'd,
The immortal Sage of Syracuse repos'd.

And as his youth in sweet delusion hung,
 Where once a PLATO taught, a PINDAR sung;
 Who now but meets him musing when he roves
 His ruin'd Tusculan's romantic groves?
 In Rome's great forum, who but hears him roll
 His moral thunders o'er the subject soul?

And hence that calm delight the portrait gives:
 We gaze on every feature till it lives!
 Still the fond lover views the absent maid;
 And the lost friend still lingers in his shade!
 Say why the pensive widow loves to weep,^m
 When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep:
 Tremblingly still, she lifts his veil to trace
 The father's features in his infant face.
 The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away,
 Won by the charm of Innocence at play;
 He bends to meet each artless burst of joy,
 Forgets his age, and acts again the boy.

What tho' the iron school of war crase
 Each milder virtue, and each softer grace;
 What tho' the fiend's torpedo-touch arrest
 Each gentler, finer impulse of the breast;
 Still shall this active principle preside,
 And wake the tear to Pity's self denied.

The intrepid Swiss, that guards a foreign shore,
 Condemn'd to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,
 If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild,ⁿ
 Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguil'd,
 Melts at the long lost scenes that round him rise,
 And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.

Ask not if courts or camps dissolve the charm:
 Say why VESPASIAN lov'd his Sabine farm;^o
 Why great NAVARRE, when France and freedom bled,^p
 Sought the lone limits of a forest-shed.
 When DIOCLETIAN's self-corrected mind^q
 The imperial fasces of a world resign'd,



Say why we trace the labours of his spade,
In calm Salona's philosophic shade.
Say, when contentious CHARLES renounc'd a throne,
To muse with monks unletter'd and unknown,

What from his soul the parting tribute drew ?
What claim'd the sorrows of a last adieu ?
The still retreats that soothed his tranquil breast,
Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares oppress'd.

Undamp'd by time, the generous Instinct glows,
As far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows ;
Glow in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest,
On every form of varied life imprest.
The social tribes its choicest influence hail :—
And, when the drum beats briskly in the gale,
The war-worn courser charges at the sound,
And with young vigour wheels the pasture round.

Oft has the aged tenant of the vale
Lean'd on his staff to lengthen out the tale ;
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breath'd,
From sire to son with pious zeal bequeath'd.
When o'er the blasted heath the day declin'd,
And on the seath'd oak warr'd the winter-wind ;
When not a distant taper's twinkling ray
Gleam'd o'er the furze to light him on his way ;
When not a sheep-bell sooth'd his listening ear,
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near ;
Then did his horse the homeward track desery,^s
The track that shunn'd his sad, inquiring eye ;
And win each wavering purpose to relent,
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,
That his charm'd hand the careless rein resign'd,
And doubts and terrors vanish'd from his mind.

Recall the traveller, whose alter'd form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm ;
And who will first his fond impatience meet ?
His faithful dog's already at his feet !
Yes, tho' the porter spurn him from the door,
Tho' all that knew him know his face no more,
His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.—

And see, the master but returns to die!
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?
The blasts of heav'n, the drenching dews of earth,
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth,
These, when to guard Misfortune's sacred grave,
Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?
Say, thro' the clouds what compass points her flight?
Monarchs have gaz'd, and nations bless'd the sight.



Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies;—
'Tis vain! thro' Ether's pathless wilds she goes,
And lights at last where all her cares repose.

Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest,^t
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.
When, in the silent energy of grief,
With looks that ask'd, yet dar'd not hope relief,

Want, with her babes, round generous Valour clung,
To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,
'Twas thine to animate her closing eye ;
Alas ! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,
Crush'd by her meagre hand when welcom'd from the sky.

Hark ! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,^u
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
And many a stream allures her to its source.
'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye so finely wrought,
Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind ;
Its orb so full, its vision so confin'd !
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell ?
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell ?
With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
Of varied scents, that charm'd her as she flew ?
Hail, MEMORY, hail ! thy universal reign
Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.



THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

ANALYSIS OF THE SECOND PART.

THE Memory has hitherto acted only in subservience to the senses, and so far man is not eminently distinguished from other animals : but with respect to man, she has a higher province ; and is often busily employed when excited by no external cause whatever. She preserves for his use the treasures of art and science, history and philosophy. She colours all the prospects of life : for “we can only anticipate the future by concluding what is possible from what is past.” On her agency depends every effusion of the Fancy, whose boldest effort can only compound or transpose, augment or diminish the materials which she has collected and retained.

When the first emotions of despair have subsided, and sorrow has softened into melancholy, she amuses with a retrospect of innocent pleasures, and inspires that noble confidence which results from the consciousness of having acted well. When sleep has suspended the organs of sense from their office, she not only supplies the mind with images, but assists in their combination. And even in madness itself, when the soul is resigned over to the tyranny of a distempered imagination, she revives past perceptions, and awakens the train of thought which was formerly most familiar.

Nor are we pleased only with a review of the brighter passages of life. Events, the most distressing in their immediate consequences, are often cherished in remembrance with a degree of enthusiasm.

But the world and its occupations give a mechanical impulse to the passions, which is not very favourable to the indulgence of this feeling. It is in a calm and well-regulated mind that the Memory is most perfect; and solitude is her best sphere of action. With this sentiment is introduced a Tale illustrative of her influence in solitude, sickness, and sorrow. And the subject having now been considered so far as it relates to man and the animal world, the Poem concludes with a conjecture that superior beings are blest with a nobler exercise of this faculty.





SWEET MEMORY, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Ages and climes remote to thee impart
What charms in Genius and refines in Art ;
Thee, in whose hand the keys of Science dwell,
The pensive portress of her holy cell ;
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp
Oblivion steals upon her vestal-lamp.

The friends of Reason and the guides of Youth,
Whose language breath'd the eloquence of Truth ;
Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought
These still exist, by thee to Fame consign'd,
Still speak and act, the models of mankind.

From thee sweet Hope her airy colouring draws ;
And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.
From thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows,
Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue knows.



When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening ray,
And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play ;
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
Still thro' the gloom thy star serenely glows :

Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night
With the mild magic of reflected light.

The beauteous maid, that bids the world adieu,
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review ;
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace
Some social scene, some dear, familiar face,
Forgot, when first a father's stern control
Chas'd the gay visions of her opening soul :
And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper-bell
Bursts through the cypress-walk, the convent-cell,
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,
To love and joy still tremblingly alive ;
The whisper'd vow, the chaste caress prolong,
Weave the light dance and swell the choral song ;
With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,
And, as it melts along the moonlight-glade,
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

But not till Time has calmed the ruffled breast,
Are these fond dreams of happiness confest.
Not till the rushing winds forget to rave,
Is Heav'n's sweet smile reflected on the wave.

From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,
And catch the sounds that sadden every gale.
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there ;
Mark the fixt gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,
The racks of thought, and freezings of despair !
But pause not then—beyond the western wave,
Go, view the captive barter'd as a slave !
Crush'd till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,
And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, ev'n here, with pleasures long resign'd,
Lo ! MEMORY bursts the twilight of the mind :
Her dear delusions soothe his sinking soul,
When the rude scourge presumes its base control ;

And o'er Futurity's blank page diffuse
The full reflection of her vivid hues.
'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more,
Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore ;
Beneath his plaitain's ancient shade, renew
The simple transports that with freedom flew ;
Catch the cool breeze that musky Evening blows,
And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows ;
The oral tale of elder time rehearse,
And chant the rude, traditionary verse ;
With those, the lov'd companions of his youth,
When life was luxury, and friendship truth.

Ah ! why should Virtue dread the frowns of fate ?
Hers what no wealth can win, no power create !
A little world of clear and cloudless day,
Nor wreck'd by storms, nor moulder'd by decay ;
A world, with MEMORY's ceaseless sunshine blest,
The home of Happiness, an honest breast.

But most we mark the wonders of her reign,
When Sleep has lock'd the senses in her chain.
When sober Judgment has his throne resign'd,
She smiles away the chaos of the mind ;
And, as warm Fancy's bright Elysium glows,
From Her each image springs, each colour flows.
She is the sacred guest ! the immortal friend !
Oft seen o'er sleeping Innocence to bend,
In that dead hour of night to Silence giv'n,
Whispering seraphic visions of her heav'n.

When the blithe son of Savoy, journeying round
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,
From his green vale and shelter'd cabin hies,
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies ;
Tho' far below the forked lightnings play,
And at his feet the thunder dies away,
Oft, in the saddle rudely rock'd to sleep,
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,

With MEMORY's aid, he sits at home, and sees
His children sport beneath their native trees,
And bends, to hear their cherub-voices call,
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her smile with gloomy Madness dwell?
Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell?
Each fiery flight on Frenzy's wing restrain,
And mould the coinage of the fever'd brain?

Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,
There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies!
He, whose arresting hand sublimely wrought
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;
And round, in colours of the rainbow, threw
Forms ever fair, creations ever new!
But, as he fondly snatch'd the wreath of Fame,
The spectre Poverty unnerv'd his frame.
Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore;
And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.
Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art!*
From the rude wall what bright ideas start!
Ev'n now he claims the amaranthine wreath,
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe!
And whence these scenes, these images, declare.
Whence but for her who triumphs o'er despair?

Awake, arise! with grateful fervour fraught,
Go, spring the mine of elevating thought.
He, who, thro' Nature's various walk, surveys
The good and fair her faultless line portrays;
Whose mind, profan'd by no unhallow'd guest,
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best;
May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,
Or, musing, mount where Science sits sublime,
Or wake the spirit of departed Time.
Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral muse,
A blooming Eden in his life reviews!

So rich the culture, tho' so small the space,
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace.
But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!
The weary waste, that lengthen'd as he ran,
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span!

Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumin'd, and by taste refin'd?
When Age has quenched the eye and clos'd the ear,
Still nerv'd for action in her native sphere,
Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue
Some long-lov'd image vanish'd from her view;
Dart thro' the deep recesses of the past,
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;
With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night,
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.

So thro' the grove the impatient mother flies,
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries;
Till the light leaves the truant boy disclose,
Long on the wood-moss stretch'd in sweet repose.

Nor yet to pleasing objects are confin'd
The silent feasts of the reflecting mind.
Danger and death a dread delight inspire;
And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire,
When, richly bronzed by many a summer-sun,
He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were done.

Go, with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile;
And ask the shatter'd hero whence his smile?
Go, view the splendid domes of Greenwich—Go,
And own what raptures from Reflection flow.

Hail, noblest structures imagin'd in the wave!
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave.
Hail, blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail!
That oft arrest the wondering stranger's sail,
Long have ye heard the narratives of age,
The battle's havoc, and the tempest's rage;

Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray
Gild the calm close of Valour's various day.



'Time's sombrous touches soon correct the piece,
Mellow each tint, and bid each discord cease :
A softer tone of light pervades the whole,
And steals a pensive languor o'er the soul.

Hast thou thro' Eden's wild-wood vales pursued^z
Each mountain-scene, majestically rude ;
To note the sweet simplicity of life,
Far from the din of Folly's idle strife :
Nor there a while with lifted eye, rever'd
That modest stone which pious PEMBROKE rear'd ;
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,
The silent sorrows of a parting hour ;
Still to the musing pilgrim points the place
Her sainted spirit most delights to trace ?

Thus, with the manly glow of honest pride,^a
O'er his dead son the gallant ORMOND sigh'd.
Thus, thro' the gloom of SHENSTONE's fairy grove,
MARIA's urn still breathes the voice of love.

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
Awes us less deeply in its morning hour,
Than when the shades of Time sercnely fall
On every broken arch and ivied wall ;
The tender images we love to trace,
Stcal from each year a melancholy grace !
And as the sparks of social love expand,
As the heart opens in a foreign land ;
And, with a brother's warmth, a brother's smilc,
The stranger greets each native of his isle ;
So scenes of life, when present and confest,
Stamp but their bolder features on the breast ;
Yet not an image, when remotely view'd,
However trivial, and however rude,
But wins the heart, and wakes the social sigh,
With every claim of close affinity !

But these pure joys the world can never know ;
In gentler climes their silver currents flow.
Oft at the silent, shadowy close of day,
When the hush'd grove has sung its parting lay ;
When pensive Twilight, in her dusky car,
Comes slowly on to meet the evening-star ;



Above, below, ærial murmurs swell,
From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell

A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light,
Stealing soft music on the ear of night.
So oft the finer movements of the soul,
That shun the sphere of Pleasure's gay control,
In the still shades of calm Seclusion rise,
And breathe their sweet, seraphic harmonies !

Once, and domestic annals tell the time,
(Preserv'd in Cumbria's rude, romantic clime)
When Nature smil'd, and o'er the landscape threw
Her richest fragrance, and her brightest hue,
A blithe and blooming Forester explor'd
Those loftier scenes SALVATOR's soul ador'd ;
The rocky pass half hung with shaggy wood,
And the cleft oak flung boldly o'er the flood ;
Nor shunn'd the path, unknown to human tread,
That downward to the night of caverns led ;
Some ancient cataract's deserted bed.

High on exulting wing the heath-cock rose,^b
And blew his shrill blast o'er perennial snows ;
Ere the rapt youth, recoiling from the roar,
Gaz'd on the tumbling tide of dread Lodoar ;
And thro' the rifted cliffs, that scal'd the sky,
Derwent's clear mirror charm'd his dazzled eye.^c
Each osier isle, inverted on the wave,
Thro' morn's gray mist its melting colours gave ;
And, o'er the cygnet's haunt, the mantling grove
Its emerald arch with wild luxuriance wove.

Light as the breeze that brush'd the orient dew,
From rock to rock the young adventurer flew ;
And day's last sunshine slept along the shore,
When lo, a path the smile of welcome wore.
Imbowering shrubs with verdure veil'd the sky,
And on the musk-rose shed a deeper dye ;
Save when a bright and momentary gleam
Glanc'd from the white foam of some shelter'd stream.

O'er the still lake the bell of evening toll'd,
And on the moor the shepherd penn'd his fold;
And on the green hill's side the meteor play'd;
When, hark! a voice sung sweetly thro' the shade.
It ceas'd—yet still in FLORIO's fancy sung,
Still on each note his captive spirit hung;



Till o'er the mead a cool, sequester'd grot
From its rich roof a sparry lustre shot.
A crystal water cross'd the pebbled floor,
And on the front these simple lines it bore:

Hence away, nor dare intrude!
In this secret, shadowy cell
Musing MEMORY loves to dwell,
With her sister Solitude.

Far from the busy world she flies,
To taste that peace the world denies.
Entranc'd she sits; from youth to age,
Reviewing Life's eventful page;
And noting, ere they fade away,
The little lincs of yesterday.

FLORIO had gain'd a rude and rocky seat,
When lo, the Genius of this still retreat!
Fair was her form—but who can hope to trace
The pensive softness of her angel-face?
Can VIRGIL'S verse, can RAPHAEL'S touch impart
Those finer features of the feeling heart,
Those tend'rer tints that shun the careless eye,
And in the world's contagious climate die?

She left the cave, nor mark'd the stranger there;
Her pastoral beauty, and her artless air
Had breath'd a soft enchantment o'er his soul!
In every nerve he felt her blest control!
What pure and white-wing'd agents of the sky,
Who rule the springs of sacred sympathy,
Inform congenial spirits when they meet?
Sweet is their office, as their natures sweet!

FLORIO, with fearful joy, pursued the maid,
Till thro' a vista's moonlight-chequer'd shade,
Where the bat circled, and the rooks repos'd,
(Their wars suspended, and their councils clos'd)
An antique mansion burst in awful state,
A rich vine clustering round the Gothic gate.
Nor paus'd he there. The master of the scene
Saw his light step imprint the dewy green;
And slow-advancing, hail'd him as his guest,
Won by the honest warmth his looks express'd.



He wore the rustic manners of a 'Squire ;
Age had not quench'd one spark of manly fire ;

But giant Gout had bound him in her chain,
And his heart panted for the chase in vain.

Yet here Remembrance, sweetly-soothing power!
Wing'd with delight Confinement's lingering hour.
The fox's brush still emulous to wear,
He scour'd the county in his elbow-chair;
And, with view-halloo, rous'd the dreaming hound,
That, rung, by starts, his deep-ton'd music round.

Long by the paddock's humble pale confin'd,
His aged hunters cours'd the viewless wind:
And each, with glowing energy portray'd,
The far-fam'd triumphs of the field display'd;
Usurp'd the canvas of the crowded hall,
And chas'd a line of heroes from the wall.
There slept the horn each jocund echo knew,
And many a smile and many a story drew!
High o'er the hearth his forest-trophies hung,
And their fantastic branches wildly flung.
How would he dwell on the vast antlers there!
These dash'd the wave, those fann'd the mountain-air.
All, as they frown'd, unwritten records bore,
Of gallant feats and festivals of yore.

But why the tale prolong?—His only child,
His darling JULIA on the stranger smiled.
Her little arts a fretful sire to please,
Her gentle gaiety, and native ease
Had won his soul; and rapturous Fancy shed
Her golden lights, and tints of rosy red:
But ah! few days had pass'd, ere the bright vision fled!

When evening ting'd the lake's ethereal blue,
And her deep shades irregularly threw;
Their shifting sail dropt gently from the cove,
Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove;^d
Whence erst the chanted hymn, the taper'd rite
Amused the fisher's solitary night:



And still the mitred window, richly wreath'd,
A sacred calm thro' the brown foliage breath'd.

The wild deer, starting thro' the silent glade,
With fearful gaze their various course survey'd.
High hung in air the hoary goat reclin'd,
His streaming beard the sport of every wind;
And, while the coot her jet-wing lov'd to lave,
Rock'd on the bosom of the sleepless wave,
The eagle rush'd from Skiddaw's purple crest,
A cloud still brooding o'er her giant-nest.

And now the moon had dimm'd, with dewy ray,
The few fine flushes of departing day;
O'er the wide water's deep serene she hung,
And her broad lights on every mountain flung;
When lo! a sudden blast the vessel blew,^c
And to the surge consign'd the little crew.
All, all escap'd—but ere the lover bore
His faint and faded JULIA to the shore,
Her sense had fled!—Exhausted by the storm,
A fatal trance hung o'er her pallid form;
Her closing eye a trembling lustre fir'd;
'Twas life's last spark—it flutter'd and expir'd!

The father strew'd his white hairs in the wind,
Call'd on his child, nor linger'd long behind:
And FLORIO liv'd to see the willow wave,
With many an evening-whisper, o'er their grave.
Yes, FLORIO liv'd—and, still of each possest,
The father cherish'd, and the maid caress'd!

For ever would the fond enthusiast rove,
With JULIA's spirit, thro' the shadowy grove;
Gaze with delight on every scene she plann'd,
Kiss every flow'ret planted by her hand.
Ah! still he trac'd her steps along the glade,
When hazy hues and glimmering lights betray'd
Half-viewless forms; still listen'd as the breeze
Heav'd its deep sobs among the aged trees;
And at each pause her melting accents caught,
In sweet delirium of romantic thought!

Dear was the grot that shunn'd the blaze of day ;
 She gave its spars to shoot a trembling ray.
 The spring, that bubbled from its inmost cell,
 Murmur'd of JULIA's virtues as it fell ;
 And o'er the dripping moss, the fretted stone,
 In FLORIO's ear breath'd language not its own.
 Her charin around the enchantress MEMORY threw,
 A charm that soothes the mind, and sweetens too !

But is Her magic only felt below ?
 Say, thro' what brighter realms she bids it flow,
 To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere,^f
 She yields delight but faintly imag'd here :
 All that till now their rapt researches knew
 Not call'd in slow succession to review ;
 But, as a landscape meets the eye of day,
 At once presented to their glad survey !

Each scene of bliss reveal'd, since chaos fled,
 And dawning light its dazzling glories spread ;
 Each chain of wonders that sublimely glow'd,
 Since first Creation's choral anthem flow'd ;
 Each ready flight, at Mercy's smile divine,
 To distant worlds that undiscover'd shine ;
 Full on her tablet flings its living rays,
 And all, combin'd, with blest effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal Friendship, soar ;
 No more to part, to mingle tears no more !
 And, as the softening hand of Time endears
 The joys and sorrows of our infant-years,
 So there the soul, releas'd from human strife,
 Smiles at the little cares and ills of life ;
 Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its showers ;
 As at a dream that charm'd her vacant hours !

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend
 To watch the silent slumbers of a friend,
 To hover round his evening-walk unseen,
 And hold sweet converse on the dusky green ;

To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heav'n and nature open'd to their view !
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please :
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they lov'd in life so well.

Oh thou ! with whom my heart was wont to share
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care ;
With whom, alas ! I fondly hop'd to know
The humble walks of happiness below ;
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul ;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resign'd ;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aim'd to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance present,
With modest dignity and calm content.
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God exprest ;
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed,
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave ?
The sweet Remembrance of unblemish'd youth,
The still inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth !

Hail, MEMORY, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine !
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway !
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone ;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;

If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!





NOTES

ON THE FIRST PART.

NOTE a. Page 14, line 21.

Up springs at every step to claim a tear.

I CAME to the place of my birth, and cried, "The friends of my youth, where are they?"—And an echo answered, "Where are they?"
From an Arabic MS.

NOTE b. P. 18, l. 5.

Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!

When a traveller, who was surveying the ruins of Rome, expressed a desire to possess some relic of its ancient grandeur, Poussin, who attended him, stooped down, and, gathering up a handful of earth shining with small grains of porphyry, "Take this home," said he, "for your cabinet; and say boldly, *Questa è Roma Antica.*"

NOTE c. P. 18, l. 32.

The church-yard yews round which his fathers sleep.

Every man, like Gulliver in Liliput, is fastened to some spot of earth by the thousand small threads which habit and association are continually stealing over him. Of these, perhaps, one of the strongest is here alluded to.

When the Canadian Indians were once solicited to emigrate, "What!" they replied, "shall we say to the bones of our fathers, Arise, and go with us into a foreign land?" *Hist. des Indes*, par RAYNAL, vi. 21.

NOTE d. P. 19, l. 3.

So, when he breath'd his firm yet fond adieu.

See HAWKESWORTH'S *Voyages*, ii. 181.

Another very affecting instance of local attachment is related of his

fellow-countryman Potaveri, who came to Europe with M. de Bougainville. See *Les Jardins*, chant ii.

NOTE e. P. 20, l. 7.

So Scotia's Queen, &c.

Elle se leve sur son lit, et se met à contempler la France encorc, et tant qu'elle peut. BRANTÔME, i. 140.

NOTE f. P. 20, l. 15.

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire.

To an accidental association may be ascribed some of the noblest efforts of human genius. The historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire first conceived his design among the ruins of the Capitol; and to the tones of a Welsh harp are we indebted for the Bard of Gray.

GIBBON'S *Hist.* xii. 432. MEM. OF GRAY, sect. iv. let. 25.

NOTE g. P. 20, l. 19.

Hence home-felt pleasure, &c.

Who can sufficiently admire the affectionate attachment of Plutarch, who thus concludes his enumeration of the advantages of a great city to men of letters: "As to myself, I live in a little town; and I choose to live there, lest it should become still less." *Vit. Dem.*

NOTE h. P. 20, l. 21.

For this young FOSCARI, &c

He was suspected of murder, and at Venice suspicion is good evidence. Neither the interest of the Doge, his father, nor the intrepidity of conscious innocence, which he exhibited in the dungeon and on the rack, could procure his acquittal. He was banished to the island of Candia for life.

But here his resolution failed him. At such a distance from home he could not live; and, as it was a criminal offence to solicit the intercession of any foreign prince, in a fit of despair he addressed a letter to the Duke of Milan, and intrusted it to a wretch whose perfidy, he knew, would occasion his being remanded a prisoner to Venice.

NOTE i. P. 20, l. 34.

And watch and weep in FLOISA's cell.

The Paraclete, founded by Abelard, in Champagne.

NOTE k. P. 20, l. 35.

'Twas ever thus. As now at VIRGIL's tomb.

Vows and pilgrimages are not peculiar to the religious enthusiast. Silius Italicus performed annual ceremonies on the mountain of Posilippo; and it was there that Boccaccio, *quasi da un divino estro inspirato*, resolved to dedicate his life to the muses.

NOTE l. P. 21, l. 1.

So TULLY paus'd amid the wrecks of Time.

When Cicero was quæstor in Sicily, he discovered the tomb of Archimedes by its mathematical inscription. *Tusc. Quæst. v. 3.*

NOTE m. P. 22, l. 11.

Say why the pensive widow loves to weep.

The influence of the associating principle is finely exemplified in the faithful Penelope, when she sheds tears over the bow of Ulysses. *Od. xxi. 55.*

NOTE n. P. 22, l. 27.

If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild.

The celebrated Ranz des Vaches; "cet air si chéri des Suisses qu'il fut défendu sous peine de mort de le jouer dans leurs troupes, parce qu'il faisoit fondre en larmes, désertier ou mourir ceux qui l'entendoient, tant il excitoit en eux l'ardent désir de revoir leur pays."—ROUSSEAU.

The *maladie du pays* is as old as the human heart. JUVENAL's little cupbearer

Suspirat longo non visam tempore matrem,
Et casulam, et notos tristis desiderat hœdos.

And the Argive, in the heat of battle,

Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

NOTE o. P. 22, l. 32.

Say why VESPASIAN lov'd his Sabine farm.

This emperor, according to Suetonius, constantly passed the summer in a small villa near Reate, where he was born, and to which he would never add any embellishment; *ne quid scilicet oculorum consuetudini deperiret.* Suet. in *Vit. Vesp.* cap. ii

A similar instance occurs in the life of the venerable Pertinax, as related by J. Capitolinus. Posteaquam in Liguriam venit, multis agris coemptis, tabernam paternam, *manente forma priore*, infinitis ædificiis circumdedit. *Hist. August.* 54.

And it is said of Cardinal Richelieu, that when he built his magnificent palace on the site of the old family chateau at Richelieu, he sacrificed its symmetry to preserve the room in which he was born.

A ém. de Mlle. de Montpensier, i. 27.

An attachment of this nature is generally the characteristic of a benevolent mind; and a long acquaintance with the world cannot always extinguish it.

"To a friend," says John Duke of Buckingham, "I will expose my weakness: I am oftener missing a pretty gallery in the old house I pulled down. than pleased with a saloon which I built in its stead, though a thousand times better in all respects." See his Letter to the D. of Sh.

This is "the language of the heart; and will remind the reader of that good-humoured remark in one of Pope's letters—"I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up that I remembered ever since I was a child."

POPE'S Works, viii. 151.

Nor did the Poet feel the charm more forcibly than his Editor. See HURD'S *Life of Warburton*, 51, 99.

The elegant author of *Telemachus* has illustrated this subject, with equal fancy and feeling, in the story of Alibée, Persan.

NOTE p. P. 22, l. 33.

Why great NAVARRE, &c.

That amiable and accomplished monarch, Henry the Fourth of France, made an excursion from his camp, during the long siege of Laon, to dine at a house in the forest of Folambray; where he had often been regaled, when a boy, with fruit, milk, and new cheese; and in revisiting which he promised himself great pleasure.

Mém. de Sully, ii. 381.

NOTE q. P. 22, l. 35.

When DIOCLETIAN's self-corrected mind.

Diocletian retired into his native province, and there amused himself with building, planting, and gardening. His answer to Maximian is deservedly celebrated. He was solicited by that restless old man to reassume the reins of government and the imperial purple. He rejected the temptation with a smile of pity, calmly observing, "that if he could show Maximian the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands at Salona, he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power."

GIBBON, ii. 175.

NOTE r. P. 23, l. 3.

Say, when contentious CHARLES renounc'd a throne.

When the emperor Charles V. had executed his memorable resolution, and had set out for the monastery of St. Justus, he stopped a few days at Ghent, says his historian, to indulge that tender and pleasant melancholy which arises in the mind of every man in the decline of life, on visiting the place of his nativity, and viewing the scenes and objects familiar to him in his early youth. ROBERTSON, iv. 256.

NOTE s. P. 24, l. 23.

Then did his horse the homeward track descry.

The memory of the horse forms the groundwork of a pleasing little romance of the twelfth century, entitled, "*Lai du Palefroi vair*." See *Fabliaux ou Contes du XII et du XIII Siecle*, iv. 195.

Ariosto likewise introduces it in a passage full of truth and nature. When Bayardo meets Angelica in the forest,

. . . . Va mansueto a la Donzella,

Ch'in Albracca il servia già di sua mano.

Orlando Furioso, canto i. 75.

NOTE t. P. 25, l. 15.

Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest.

During the siege of Harlem, when that city was reduced to the last extremity, and on the point of opening its gates to a base and

barbarous enemy, a design was formed to relieve it ; and the intelligence was conveyed to the citizens by a letter which was tied under the wing of a pigeon.

THUANUS, lib. lv. c. 5.

The same messenger was employed at the siege of Mutina, as we are informed by the elder Pliny.

Hist. Nat. x. 37.

NOTE u. P. 26, l. 6.

Hark ! the bee, &c.

This little animal, from the extreme convexity of her eye, cannot see many inches before her.

ON THE SECOND PART.

NOTE x. P. 33, l. 19.

Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art !

The astronomer chalking his figures on the wall, in Hogarth's view of Bedlam, is an admirable exemplification of this idea.

See the *RAKE'S PROGRESS*, plate 8.

NOTE y. P. 34, l. 4.

Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh !

The following stanzas are said to have been written on a blank leaf of this Poem. They present so affecting a reverse of the picture, that I cannot resist the opportunity of introducing them here.

Pleasures of Memory !—oh supremely blest,
 And justly proud beyond a Poet's praise :
 If the pure confines of thy tranquil breast
 Contain, indeed, the subject of thy lays !
 By me how envied !—for to me,
 The herald still of misery,
 Memory makes her influence known
 By sighs, and tears, and grief alone :
 I greet her as the fiend, to whom belong
 The vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral song.

She tells of time misspent, of comfort lost,
 Of fair occasions gone for ever by ;
 Of hopes too fondly nurs'd, too rudely cross'd,
 Of many a cause to wish yet fear to die ;
 For what, except th' instinctive fear
 Lest she survive, detains me here,
 When "all the life of life" is fled?—
 What, but the deep inherent dread,
 Lest she beyond the grave resume her reign,
 And realize the hell that priests and beldams feign?

NOTE z. P. 36, l. 1.

Hast thou thro' Eden's wild-wood vales pursued.

On the road-side between Penrith and Appleby there stands a small pillar with this inscription :

"This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c., for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2nd of April, 1616 ; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2nd day of April for ever, upon the stone-table placed hard by. Laus Deo !"

The Eden is the principal river of Cumberland, and rises in the wildest part of Westmoreland.

NOTE a. P. 36, l. 11.

O'er his dead son the gallant ORMOND sigh'd.

Ormond bore the loss with patience and dignity : though he ever retained a pleasing, however melancholy, sense of the signal merit of Ossory. "I would not exchange my dead son," said he, "for any living son in Christendom."

HUME, vi. 340.

The same sentiment is inscribed on Miss Dolman's urn at the Lea-sowes.

Hen, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse !

NOTE b. P. 38, l. 18.

High on exulting wing the heath-cock rose.

This bird is remarkable for his exultation during the spring.

Brit. Zoology, 266.

NOTE c. P. 38, l. 23.

Derwent's clear mirror.

Keswick Lake in Cumberland.

NOTE d. P. 42, l. 33.

Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove.

A small island covered with trees, among which were formerly the ruins of a religious house.

NOTE e. P. 44, l. 13.

When lo ! a sudden blast the vessel blew.

In a lake surrounded with mountains, the agitations are often violent and momentary. The winds blow in gusts and eddies ; and the water no sooner swells than it subsides.

See BOURN's *Hist. of Westmoreland*.

NOTE f. P. 45, l. 11.

To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere.

The several degrees of angels may probably have larger views, and some of them be endowed with capacities able to retain together, and constantly set before them, as in one picture, all their past knowledge at once.

LOCKE on *Human Understanding*, b. ii. c. x. 9.



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